

## Music comes from our hearts

I believe in music, music that comes from our hearts. Others may ask, 'what is the difference between music that is played from our heart or otherwise? Does it even matter?' Well, I believe music that comes from our hearts is true music.

Imagine a symphonic band playing music. No matter how well they play it, how fancy their music is; somehow, there is just something missing, something that is not right. What are they lacking of? I believe it is feelings, feelings that come from their hearts.

Last year around September, me and my band mates joined a band competition. We worked hard; we practiced every day after school and during recess so as to attain good result from this competition. Our hard work did pay off, our techniques and tones improved, we played more fluently. However, I feel that something is lacking, something very important, but I just cannot figure out what it was.

It was not until I heard the previous recordings from our seniors that I realized the missing ingredient in our playing, the music played from our hearts. Through the journey of improving our skills, bit by bit, we lost our passion for music without us even realizing it. We played every single note listed on the score correctly, we played it well, but we forgot to play with passion. The recording by my seniors made me tear. How wonderfully they played, how touching... Even though the melody is so simple, they made some mistakes, but their passion for music, their feelings expressed through creating music awakened the passion deep down within me.

On the next band practice, I told my band mates about my experience and how I felt. I urged them to play with feelings, with passion, something that we had long forgotten. When the conductor raised her stick, I told myself that I must show the world what is special about my playing, together with the music the whole band created. While we are playing the piece, I felt the strong passion burning within us, uncontrollable. I ran my fingers through the wind chimes; the twinkling sounds filled the room. It felt so magical, like little droplets dripping onto my heart, the splattering sound, so soft, so pleasing to the ears; I held my breath to listen the soft whispers of the droplets, what they are trying to convey...

When the song ended, there was a moment of silence. The music is so wonderful, so close to my heart so much so that I hope it will never end. The miracle of music had drawn us back together as a band, a band full of passion.

Through my journey being a band member, I experienced the power of music played from our hearts. Music does wonders, wonders that you will never expect. I believe, that music comes from our hearts.